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UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

In devising plans Washington was more decided than Ching Shing or Woo Kwang; in winning a country he was braver than Tsau Tsau or Ling Pi. Wielding his four-footed falchion, he extended the frontiers and refused to accept the Royal Dignity. The sentiments of the Three Dynasties have reappeared in him. Can any man of ancient or modern times fail to pronounce Washington peerless?

—*Inscription on the Stone Placed by China in the Washington Monument.*

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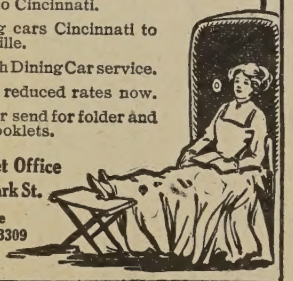

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UNITY

" HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN "

Vol. LXVI. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1911. NUMBER 26.

Observe good faith and justice towards all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all.—Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it?—It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and at no distant period, a great nation, to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a People always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence. Who can doubt that in the course of time and things, the fruits of such a plan would richly repay any temporary advantage, which might be lost by a steady adherence to it. Can it be that Providence has not connected the permanent felicity of a Nation with its virtue?

—*George Washington in his Farewell Address.*

The Senior Editor of UNITY, as has been his custom for many years, will spend the month of March lecturing in the South. Parties wishing to secure his services will please address Rev. George Solomon, Savannah, Ga., who is arranging his itinerary.

We are glad to print in this week's issue Mr. Sunderland's appreciative notice of Horace Greeley. We fully sympathize with Mr. Sunderland in his desire to acknowledge a debt of gratitude to the quaint, freaky but always honest, able and sometimes inspired Editor of the *New York Tri-bune,* as the pioneers used to pronounce it, which, in the early home of the present writer, as in thousands of other homes, was literature, oratory, science, politics and religion.

"Do You Know?" is a little leaflet of interrogations issued by the directors of the Unitarian Sunday School Society, 25 Beacon street, Boston, Mass. These interrogations reveal the spirit of the managers as well as the weightiness of the cause. Those who call themselves Unitarians, or who are interested in the religious education of the young, along the open lines of the Unitarian faith, will do well to send for a copy and ponder upon the interrogations there set forth.

Perhaps when Will Irwin has finished his series of articles in *Collier's* on "The American Newspaper," now in process of publication, there will be a disposition on the part of the intelligent to feel more kindly even toward yellow journalism. It may be said of it, at least, that it has developed tremendous energy and greatly stimulated the inventive faculties. The illustrations in the article which appears in the issue of February 19, shows what skill can be developed by push and money. After all, when Mr. Irwin's articles are completed, they will reveal a story of enterprise and popular education perhaps unparalleled in any other department of letters.

H. A. Miner, representing the missionary work of the Congregational church in Wisconsin, reports in the *Congregationalist* of February 18, the hopeful progress in the direction of interdenominational co-operation in this state. Representatives of four of the leading denominations recently held a conference at Portage, where it was unanimously agreed that they would labor for the uniting of churches in overchurched towns and the combining of forces where there is no church. This is the result of twelve years of agitation on the part of the State Federation of Wisconsin. Others will take heart and continue the good work.

Sensible men everywhere are applying themselves to the problem of democratizing the alleged democracy of the United States. The experiment of the United States has demonstrated its inefficiency in some directions, but it has also demonstrated the fact that the United States is capable of reconsideration and of reforming and correcting its mistakes. The Initiative and Referendum and the Recall and the government of cities by Commission are indications that the United States is already at work, more or less unconsciously, in recasting its scheme and equipping itself with the necessary methods of self-preservation and self-healing.

The Gospel of the Kingdom gives a series of vigorous and direct lessons on "The Church and Social Purity." The other pages of the magazine are given to discussions along the same lines, most notable of which is the article by Dr. Charles W. Eliot, President Emeritus of Harvard University, on "The Double Standards of Chastity." There is also a valuable bibliography of the social evil, making the whole number a most important contribution to the discussion of subjects which have too long been under the ban of a superficial prudery. Anything that is so related to the well-being of man, physically, morally and so-

cially, as the problem of sex, should receive at the hands of scientists and moralists frank discussions and persistent teaching.

Professor Eleanor H. Rowland, of Mount Holyoke College, has written so clearly on the relation of art to religion in the *Congregationalist* for February 18, that we wish she might continue this subject further. There can be no doubt that religion and art at their highest are one and that the full expression of the one is impossible without the aid of the other, but on this very account there is a danger of much confusion and demoralization from a separation of the two, or, what is worse, a partisan arraignment of the one against the other. There is much inartistic appeal to art in these days, and much debilitated "devotion to the beautiful," as an excuse for a neglect of the dutiful. There is no denying the fact that when the art devotee is indifferent to the claims of religion it is possible to reach certain excellence of execution, but the power of art, divorced from religion, to help life is very doubtful. The Greek column reached its perfection in Corinth when Corinth was ethically the scandal of the Mediterranean world. "The Masters" flourished in Florence when Florence was deep in corruption and degradation. In these days there is, in many quarters, much clamor for the "city beautiful" which is neglected of the "city noble" and, unless the city is just and righteous, modest and simple, its art will be but as the decorations of a strumpet, whose glittering attire debilitates the conscience and conceals the enormities of vice.

The most explicit and helpful leaflet treating of the delicate subject of "Hygiene and Morality" which has come recently to our notice is one prepared largely by Professor Burt G. Wilder, of Cornell University. The preliminary pages were prepared some ten years ago at the request of President Schurman to be used at Cornell University. The leaflet contains citations from eminent men and admirably condensed "Rules of Health and Conduct." The four-page leaflet can be obtained by addressing Henry Cowell, MacGraw Hall, Ithaca, N. Y. Single copies postpaid, 3 cents, ten copies 15 cents, and larger numbers at the same rate. It is a leaflet that ought to be placed in the hands of every young man and woman, particularly during their college years, and one which will also give valuable suggestions to parents and teachers.

A professor in a prominent Theological School that is usually classed as orthodox, writes: "Unity in general has been making such stupendous strides since your paper was born and baptized that separate flags seem scarcely called for. Changing slightly a recent declaration, progressive orthodoxy and progressive heterodoxy are so nearly alike that one can scarcely tell them apart. When the time comes for progressive orthodoxy and progressive heterodoxy to combine with all their powers against the vast immoralities of our land and its institutions, legislative, commercial, judicial and social, every true patriot will be found giving his hand without reference to creed or shade of belief."

The Supreme Court of Illinois has at last finally and for all time answered negatively the long suspended question as to whether the Field Museum could find room in Grant Park on the lake front. The question of how to save the Marshall Field donation of $8,000,000 for the erection of permanent buildings and the endowment of the same, becomes a pressing one. There is but little time left, under the conditions of the will. The trustees naturally turn to Jackson Park, where the museum is now located in the old Art Building of the Columbian Exposition. This is the next available free site to be considered, but it is a pity if the multi-millionaire has to go begging for a situation for the museum that is to perpetuate his memory. This museum should find its place in the most densely settled portion of the city, where the larger number of men, women and children can reach it without the cost and danger of trans-urban transportation. Is there not public spirit enough among the wealthy men that are alive, or, still better, public spirit enough in the municipality of Chicago to secure a suitable site for this museum on the badlands of Chicago that are now disgraced by the shacks in which human beings are quartered, buildings which are so deficient in sanitary conditions that a sensible farmer would not expose his cows and horses to similar conditions. Let the Field Museum be located between the river and Halsted street, in the neighborhood of the great railway stations, and it will become a mighty educational force and will exert a mighty power in the uplifting of that section of the city that is now a menace and reproach to the citizens thereof.

Charles Sumner

(BORN JANUARY 6, 1811.)

The spirit of Charles Sumner rises like Banquo's ghost on this one hundredth year after his birth to challenge our claim to progress, to measure the integrity of our public servants, to rebuke the halting and to encourage those who are still willing to stand for causes unpopular and the rights of the unfavored.

Charles Sumner, in his life, was surrounded by noble souls. He was companioned by the best in England and America, Samuel G. Howe, Horace Mann, Theodore Parker, Ralph Waldo Emerson, John G.

Whittier, Henry W. Longfellow, Gladstone, Bright, Cobden, De Tocqueville, and many more.

On the fourth day of July, 1845, in response to an invitation from the city authorities, this obscure man, this obscure scholar, this lover of books, this sprig of the University, one familiar with Plato and the Greek Dramatists, was asked to give the official Fourth of July oration in Boston, and with that imposing setting, which, then at least, was the custom in Boston, although we are afraid it has since been abandoned even in Boston, this young scholar gave the address on "The True Grandeur of Nations." The address was recognized even then as a new classic, and it stands today as one of the few great orations in American literature, one of the significant signs of the best spirit of the 19th century. It was on the eve of the Mexican War agitation. The United States was on the *qui vive* with military ambition, military fears, and military schemes, and this scholar lifted up his voice as never before a voice had been lifted against war, war in toto, war—a relic of barbarism. In that speech the awful and gruesome statistics of war were arrayed. On that bright Fourth of July day he called attention to the "Ohio," lying out in the bay, at that time the noblest achievement of a battleship created by the United States, and reminded the authorities of Boston and those in the nation who would listen —that that battle ship would equip with professors, buildings and apparatus four Harvard Colleges, as Harvard was then equipped. That oration became classic. There was no need of glasses to see the point in Charles Sumner's great address on "The True Grandeur of Nations," which, by the light of history and of philosophy, rested then, as it rests now, in the integrity of their citizens, the nobility of their institutions, the intelligence of their voters.

After this, Charles Sumner would have been glad to settle back into the favored habits of the student, to remain surrounded by his books and pictures, serving the day and generation as best he could with the weapons of the study.

But Massachusetts had recognized her own, and to her glory be it said, she has demanded the service of her best children in the administration of her public trusts. Not without struggle and opposition, but as inevitably as the rush of a mighty river, Charles Sumner answered to his great call, and in 1851, through the joint action of the small, new Free Soil Party and the Democratic party of Massachusetts, which at that time was more ready than the Whig Party to declare for liberty, Charles Sumner was elected to the United States Senate without an apprenticeship in party politics, without any training with a gang, without asking leave of any machine. He was selected by no politicians, no bosses,—if there were such in Boston at that time,—but out of the throbbing conscience of Massachusetts, in response to a commanding demand from such men as Emerson, Parker, Mann, Howe, and the Hoars. They said, "The nation needs you and Massachusetts dares," and he went to the Senate.

In 1857 and again in 1863, and once more in 1869, he was returned to the Senate, and for twenty-three years he was the most feared, the most revered man in the Senate, and at this distance we venture to add another word which was denied him at the time, a word which is denied him now by most interpreters. He was the most beloved man in the Senate because he was conspicious among all his colleagues as a lover of man *per se,* and on that account, a lover of God; and the lovers of righteousness rest deepest in the hearts of God's children.

It is a thrilling and an exciting story. In 1855, when the movement of citizens found its storm center in the wind-swept prairies of Kansas, when the Gospel of Jesus was on trial at Lawrence and Emporia, then it was that Charles Sumner was vigilant and waiting his chance, and in a four-hour address he took the lid off, exposed all the intrigues, timidities, circumlocutions, cowardice and confusion of judgment in the great utterance which he entitled "The Crime Against Kansas." It was withering. Whittier called it the greatest phillipic in history. Longfellow said that for the first time in the history of the United States the cause was adequately expressed and the issue forced into public intelligence.

All through his long career Charles Sumner believed that, in statesmanship as in mathematics, a straight line was the shortest distance between two points. He asked himself but one question, what is right? That he advocated.

In 1854, when the air of Washington was thick with plots on both sides, filled with intrigues and circumlocutions, he said:

> Senators vainly expect peace. Not in this way can peace come. In passing such a bill as is now threatened, you scatter from this dark midnight hour no seeds of harmony and good will, but broadcast through the land dragon's teeth, which haply may not spring up in a direful crop of armed men, yet I am assured, sir, will fructify in civil strife and feud.

Seven years after this the dragon's teeth were bearing fruit all along the fighting line.

Again in some of the dark, humiliating days of England's hesitance, he said:

> My friend, Mr. Gladstone, dealt with the whole question as if there were no God. Englishmen may doubt. I tell you, there can be but one end to this war. I care not for any temporary success of the slavemongers, they must fall; but English sympathy is a mighty encouragement.

In 1864, when the North was indignant at the repeated atrocities visited upon the prisoners of war, the starving and the injured, there was a bill before the Senate ordering retribution on the part of our army, putting an equal number of men from the South upon an equally hungering diet. Charles

Sumner, the inflexible, said:

> Gentlemen, civilization forbids. What civilization forbids cannot be done. Your enemy may be barbarous and cruel, but you cannot be barbarous and cruel. The rule is clear and unquestionable. . . . Even if you make up your minds to do this thing, you cannot. The whole idea is impracticable. The attempt must fail because human nature is against you.

In 1870, he said:

> The objection of senators is too much like the old heathen cry, "Our country, right or wrong." Unhappy words, which dethrone God and exalt the devil! I am for our country with the aspiration that it may be always right; but I am for nothing wrong. When I hear of wrong I insist at all hazards that it shall be made right, knowing that in this way I best serve my country and every just cause.

This relentless enemy of slavery, this uncompromising opposer of slave-holders, when it came to the end of the war was the man to move that the names of battle-fields where fellow-citizens shed the blood of fellow-citizens should not be inscribed on the battle-flags. This called forth such a shower of indignation that his own state of Massachusetts passed condemnatory resolutions, the old soldiers everywhere denounced him and called down the violent wrath of Heaven upon him. His reply to the Massachusetts resolutions was:

> It was our state which led in requiring all safeguards for liberty and equality; I covet for her that other honor of leading in reconciliation.

He says:

> Only the sea and tiger are as blind and senseless in ferocity as party hate. I long to state the case.

Twice he was deposed from the position of chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs because he failed to conform to the wishes of the administration, but Massachusetts absolutely revoked the word of censure and in the deepest extremity of the nation he had to be called back to his post. To this day his name, "The Conscience of the Senate," is vindicated, and the United States will do well for the future generations if it will celebrate the centennial of his birth with pageant, song, prayer, poem and oratory.

When friends stooped over him, watching for some last personal word of affection, some hint of personal love, with his dying breath he whispered, "Take care of the bill! take care of the bill!" The bill for which he had fought in weakness was the bill that would secure the civil rights of men irrespective of color.

There is nothing finer in the story of American politics than the story of Charles Sumner. After Abraham Lincoln the colored man of America owes more to Charles Sumner than to any other man that ever lived. It was he who put through the amendments, one after another, it was he who claimed not universal suffrage, but impartial suffrage. He said: "If every white man must vote, every black man must vote, if you introduce the test of the spelling-book, let it cut clear across."

Charles Sumner has been in his grave since 1874 thirty-seven years now, and still his dying petition is passed on to us. Today those who carry his party name, those who wear the livery of the Republican Party, go about hemming and hawing over the fundamental rights of all men.

Have we proved unworthy the mighty inheritance of Charles Sumner? Are we degenerate successors of that great giant who wrought more nobly for freedom than any man that ever wore epaulets or any boy that ever carried the bayonet, even up to the cannon's mouth? How cheap and how small are the achievements of our generals alongside this great commander-in-chief of conscience in Washington, who kept his head clear that it might be fit to receive the messages of the Most High.

In Chicago we are on the eve of a city election. The city is torn and riven by partisan agitation. Who is the man, who are the men to whom can be entrusted the destiny of this great city? Who are the men to whom can be entrusted the future of this great nation? The truckling partisan? Those who put on blinders that they may not see corruption? Those who are in league with the underground communications of present expediency in the interest of some future success that will make them strong and triumphant?

God grant that the young men of the United States may be unblinded by selfish ambitions, that they may be tempered by thought and scholarship.

Charles Sumner and his kind have been contemptuously dismissed as "High-browed." Alas for America when it entrusts its destiny to "Low-brows!" Alas for America when it has disrespect for a student and insults for brains.

May this centennial of Charles Sumner enable the young men and the young women who have been saved the travail of that great freedom-struggle, and on that account, have lost the mighty inspirations thereof to read the story and learn the meaning of Charles Sumner.

CRIPPLED WOMAN!

O! "Crown of glory," most unseemly bound
'Neath o'd bird's nest, of jute and hair long dead,
Plumed by the wing of song bird reft of sound
And song, and life, that thou be decked instead—
We pity thee,—of pity all ashamed—
But not ashamed to kill and scalp the slain,
To deck with sham a silly head, unblamed
For knowing not to care for death, or pain!

O! "Glory crowned" free stepping woman true,
Pity thy weaklings on this vale of dirt,
Thy sisters mincing painfully in view,
Or poised as one-legged in their "hobble skirt."
We mourn for one-legged soldiers, fairly reft
In honest battle, but for these alas,
We bowing mourn the useless leg that's left,
While "Tube" and "Hobble Skirt" Brigade shall pass.

P. B. W.

Horace Greeley: A Centennial Tribute to His Memory

By J. T. Sunderland

As most of the readers of Unity are doubtless aware, January 3d was the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley's life meant so much to America, and during all my own earlier years it meant so much to me personally, that I am not willing to let the anniversary pass out of mind without a public word.

I never had any personal acquaintance with Mr. Greeley; but I saw him several times, and heard him lecture; and what is more important, I was a regular readers of his paper, the*New York Weekly Tribune,* during all the later years of my boyhood and the earlier years of my manhood; so that, looking back now over my life, I can see that my political thinking was probably molded by him more than by any other single influence. Nor am I able to regret that this was so; because he early taught me to carry moral judgments into politics, and made me understand and realize that political questions involving moral principles can never be settled permanently until they are settled right; until they are settled in harmony with justice to all parties concerned, whether white or black, rich or poor.

Mr. Greeley was, above all else, a journalist. Beyond question he was the greatest American journalist of his time; probably it is not extravagant to rank him as the most influential journalist that this country has produced up to the present day. He lived in a time when it was possible for a great editor to make himself a personal power through his pen to a degree which now, in this day of impersonal journalism, when commercial and other money considerations weigh so much even on the editorial page, is quite impossible.

His great influence as a journalist was probably due primarily to two causes. One was his unquestioned ability and power as a writer. He had every intellectual and moral quality necessary to make a great editor. He had extraordinary breadth and grasp of mind; marvelous quickness and sureness in getting hold of facts, and tenacity of memory in retaining them; a style of writing as clear as sunlight; great vigor and terseness of statement; logic as strong as iron; humor in its place; withering sarcasm in its place; great coolness where coolness was needed; fervor and passion where warmth was required; moral indignation against wrong; political foresight and judgment, and the keenest possible instinct as to the wants of the people and the things that they really cared for.

The second cause of his great influence as a journalist was undoubtedly his disinterestedness, his honesty, his transparency of character, his unselfish devotion to the public good. The people very early came to feel that he could be trusted. His paper was his own; there was no moneyed syndicate controlling it and dictating what should be its editorial policy. His pen was his own; he was in the world to say the things that he believed to be true and needed, no matter who objected. He hated cant and lies and deceit. When he spoke through his paper to his vast constituency, every man knew he meant what he said. There was no sham, no beating about the bush, no apology; he had no axe to grind. He cared for the country and for the good of all the people, and the people soon found it out. He believed in the people, and as a consequence the people soon believed in him. He did not always tell them smooth things, or flattering things, or things that they liked. On the contrary, he often said things that they did not like. But they knew his words were the words of an honest man, and a friend, and they liked him the better for his fearlessness.

Horace Greeley reminds one of Franklin. By his own efforts he worked his way up from poverty and obscurity to fame and great influence, as Franklin did. He had much of Franklin's shrewd common sense; much of his simplicity of character; much of his keenness of observation, humor, command of the clearest and most vigorous Anglo-Saxon, power to say things in a way to arrest attention and to make them stick in men's minds "like a nail in a sure place."

Greeley also reminds one of Abraham Lincoln. It is easy to think of him as a sort of New England Lincoln. He came as straight from the people as Lincoln did; and he cared as much for them all his life. He could reach the hearts of the people as surely by his pen as Lincoln by his spech. He was as incorruptible as Lincoln.

Greeley rendered several great and signal services to the American people which should not be forgotten.

It was he who caused the nomination of Lincoln to the presidency. In the light of history we to-day can see that this was a service to the country of the highest possible importance.

Probably it is true to say that Greeley was more influential than any other man, not even excepting John Brown or Charles Sumner, in saving Kansas from the "border ruffians" and making it a free in stead of a slave state.

Greeley did a great service to the West in stimulating emigration from the East to the new states of the Mississippi valley. His advice, "Go west, young man," was the bugle call that aroused thousands of the most vigorous and competent young men of the East and sent them into the wilderness, to become prime factors in building up that great, rich and powerful new empire which now stretches from the Allegheny mountains to the Missouri river.

In another way Mr. Greeley rendered a very great service to the American people. It was in stimulating an interest in intelligent and improved agriculture. He bought a farm outside of New York and during his late years made his home there. This farm he endeavored to manage scientifically. He published a book entitled "What I Know of Farming." The book and his farm operations were often laughed at; but the book was widely read and had a large influence among the rural population of the whole North. And what was still more important, Mr. Greeley made the *Weekly Tribune,* which had a large circulation among farmers, a constant medium through which to convey valuable information regarding improved methods of farming. When the *Tribune* began its work there were in the United States no agricultural colleges. If we were to single out the man who could most truthfully be called the father of the agricultural colleges of this country, probably it would be Horace Greeley.

Still another thing of great service to the country he did. He made the *Tribune* an ever alert and most efficient agency all the while for the diffusion of general knowledge and the promotion of general culture. As an editor he always kept himself surrounded by writers who could instruct the people and interest them in literature and science, and who had skill to give them the best that was being thought and said in the world. Thus he made the *Tribune* a sort of general People's University which brought its treasures of new thought and new knowledge to men's own doors.

No paper had ever rendered so valuable a service of this kind to the people of the country before; and it is doubtful if any has since.

Mr. Greeley's service to the anti-slavery cause was very great, hardly less than that of Garrison. He was not so extreme an abolitionist as Garrison, and therefore his word was listened to in many places where Garrison could get no hearing. Moreover Greeley possessed the advantage of having a great and powerful paper, that went from one end of the North to the other, as a vehicle to carry his anti-slavery word. Probably at no other time in the history of the American nation has any periodical exerted such an influence for political and moral reform as that wielded by Mr. Greeley's *Tribune* for twenty years and more before and during the Civil War. To hundreds of thousands of earnest thinking men, particularly in the Middle States and the West, the *Weekly Tribune* was a veritable Bible. They watched for the coming of each number with an eagerness which we in these days can hardly imagine. Horace Greeley was not only their political teacher and leader, but their conscience, their prophet of public and political righteousness. They felt that the battle which he was fighting and to which he summoned them was not merely a political battle, but deepest of all, a moral battle, a battle for human justice, for the rights of man. For it should be borne in mind that the *Tribune* was not simply and only on the side of anti-slavery, but it was on the side of humanity generally. As was declared by Dr. James Freeman Clarke at the time of Greeley's death: "For a quarter of a century the *New York Tribune* was the only conspicuous platform in this country from which any distinct word on behalf of universal justice and freedom and humanity could get itself heard by the nation." The moral and political value of such a paper was inestimable. The moral service it rendered to the country was beyond price.

Of course Horace Greeley had his defects. He had some striking defects. None knew them better than himself; none knew them better than his warmest friends and admirers. But men almost loved him for his very defects, because they were defects of his splendid qualities—defects that grew out of his heroism, his mighty will, his almost fanatical love of justice, his unsleeping care for the interests of the people, his scorn of wrong, his hatred of all cant, deceit, and meanness.

It will be of interest to the readers of UNITY to recall that Horace Greeley, in his religious faith, was a liberal. During all the later years of his New York life he was a regular attendant and supporter of the Church of the Divine Paternity, the Universalist church on Fifth avenue, whose pastor was the distinguished and honored Dr. Edwin H. Chapin. Though Mr. Greeley seldom or never discussed theological questions in the *Tribune,* he steadily shaped the influence of his paper in the direction of a broad, reasonable and humane interpretation of religion.

Said one who knew Mr. Greeley well: "Whatever were his eccentricities or errors of judgment, he could always be depended on to speak and act uprightly. He was a true, pure, noble man, more admirable in what he was than in what he did, even though he did more than any other man of his time to mold the public press and to educate the American people."

The memory and influence of such a man is a priceless heritage to any nation.

HIS PICTURE

Daughter, won't you get his picture—that one on the parlor wall—
Hang it there where I can see it till the last dark shadows fall—
Up there just above the bureau . . . There! How natural it is!
Seems as though he looked down at me with those sad, kind eyes of his,
And it, somehow, gives me courage while I'm lyin,' waitin' here—
Makes me feel, somehow or other, that an honest friend is near.

I have often been discouraged, as these last years drifted by,
Hearin' of the rogues and rascals gettin' rich and climbin' high;
I acknowledge that I've doubted and been filled with discontent,
Half believin' that the schemers would upset the government;
But whenever things looked darkest I have found that just to see
Lincoln's picture made me wonder why I'd doubted foolishly.

Merely lookin' at his picture somehow gives me back my trust—
Gives me faith to think the people will be true, at last, and just;
When I hear of men who bargain for the votes that others cast,
When I hear good men complainin' that our freedom cannot last,
Why, I think of Lincoln's patience under all the cares he bore—
Think of his faith in the people, and my own comes back once more.

Once I saw him in Virginia—him and Grant stood side by side;
We'd complained and we had doubted—and a lot of us had died;
I had often sadly grumbled, but I looked at him that day,
And I felt ashamed and humbled, and I turned and slunk away;
And in dreams I've often seen him, as he stood there, sad and tall,
And I've woke up feelin' certain right would triumph, after all.

So I'll look up at his picture where you've hung it, over there,
And I'll know, while I can see it, there's no reason to despair,
For it can't be that the people that he trusted will forget;
Though sometimes they seem so hopeless, they'll be strong and faithful yet—
See—the light shines on his picture! And how natural it is!
Seems as though he looked down at me with those sad, kind eyes of his.

S. E. Kiser.

If one admires the patience, gentleness, sweetness, and unfailing energy of another; if he finds himself renewed and invigorated and inspired by such contact, why does he not so live that he may bring the same renewal and inspiration to others?—*Lilian Whiting.*

THE PULPIT

The Hymns of Frederic Lucian Hosmer

By Henry Wilder Foote

[This article is the first of a series on American hymnody which are being printed from time to time in the Unitarian Advance. It is here reprinted by permission.]

There is nothing in the history of our Unitarian churches upon which they are more to be congratulated than on the stream of poetry flowing through them during almost the entire course of the 19th century. It is no insignificant fact that the great body of American song should have come from the liberals in religion, and that a good part of that poetry should be made up of some of the finest hymns in the English tongue. In truth the hymnody of this country is in considerable measure the product of Unitarian hearts and brains. We recall the early hymns of Heny Ware, Jr., and of Bryant; or our thoughts revert to the splendid group of writers of the middle period of the century. Furness, Holmes, Sears, Samuel Longfellow and Samuel Johnson, Eliza Scudder, —and Whittier—akin in spirit to us, though not of our name. Happily for us the power of song did not fail with the passing of these singers. The year 1840 saw the birth of three men who form a group well worthy to stand in succession to these great forerunners—John White Chadwick, William Channing Gannett, and Frederic Lucian Hosmer. These three—comrades in arms and close friends—have all written hymns which promise to live long as noble expressions of the coming faith, but of the three the last is preeminent, now the foremost living writer of hymns in the English language.

Mr. Hosmer was born in Framingham, Mass., Oct. 16, 1840, was graduated at Harvard in 1862, and at the Harvard Divinity School in 1869, and has had pastorates in Northboro, Mass., Quincy, Ill., Cleveland, O., St. Louis, Mo., and at Berkeley Cal. where he is now living, having retired from the active ministry. It is not, however, upon his work as preacher and pastor that his fame will rest, but upon his hymns. As the noble sermons of Samuel Longfellow are forgotten, while his hymns remain a living fount of piety—as the ministrations of Edmund Hamilton Sears are undreamt of by thousands who sing with joy his two great Christmas carols, so when the spoken word of Mr. Hosmer is still, and his parish work is deep buried from sight in the lives of men, his hymns will still resound triumphantly as noble expressions of a pure religious faith.

People unacquainted with the history of America hymnody say that Unitarians are cold, intellectual, unexpressive. The adjectives ill-fit the hymns of Mr. Hosmer. His songs, indeed, are no trivial or meaningless jingles. They are the product of a trained writer, each one the expression of a definite mood or thought, wrought out with care, and finished with the artist's love of perfection. Like all great hymns they are adequate lyrical phrasings of some religious emotion which is worth expressing. Mr. Hosmer has developed a high degree of technical skill in hymn-writing. He knows that a hymn must be so lyrical as almost to sing itself; that its phrasing must be very simple—a transparent medium to reveal its depths of meaning. And these characteristics of simplicity and beauty of wording, of depth of meaning and lyrical quality, are seldom absent from his hymns. Mr. Hosmer knows also that a hymn is not a legitimate vehicle for theological teaching, and never shall you find a hymn of his which is merely a versified creed. Yet his hymns bear the unmistakable mark of the age in which they were written; it is the faith of today which they sing, the aspiration and hope of the modern man; it is the mysticism of the 20th century which they express. Where a Biblical legend forms the basis of his song it is transformed into a parable; where the continuity of faith is his theme, it is clothed in no garb of ancient doctrine, but in the language of today; where he dwells upon the thought of God he pictures no Deity remotely enthroned, but worships the immanent God whose beauty shines in all the universe.

It is interesting and encouraging to note how rapidly Mr. Hosmer's hymns are finding their way into other hymn-books than those edited by Unitarians. In the Pilgrim Hymnal, published in 1904 by the Congregational Publishing Society, no other living hymn-writer has more than half as many as the twelve hymns included from Mr. Hosmer's pen, and among the dead he is only surpassed by Samuel Longfellow with 20 hymns, Whittier with 15, Bonar with 14, and Watts with 13—even Charles Wesley standing below him with 11. As the most recent of these writers died a score of years ago, so that there has been time enough for their hymns to become known and sifted, whereas Mr. Hosmer has written several fine hymns since 1904, it is to be expected that in future hymn-books he will hold an even more notable place. Of his recent, unpublished hymns perhaps the finest is one written for an installation in 1908, to the tune St. Gertrude. It is, perhaps, too much to expect that it will supplant "Onward Christian Soldiers," though it were a happy thing if it should, for it is a notable expression of the idea of the fundamental unity of mankind and of the sense of a divine purpose controlling all history. We could well spare the warlike phrasing of Baring-Gould's hymn, and "the gates of hell," and the tragic untruth which declares

All one body we.
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

But perhaps it is the very lack of the appeal of these concrete images which will make the pure idealism of Mr. Hosmer's song less attractive to the majority of people.

Forward through the ages,
In unbroken line
Move the faithful spirits
At the call divine:
Gifts in differing measure
Hearts of one accord,—
Manifold the service,
One the sure reward.

Forward through the ages,
In unbroken line,
Move the faithful spirits,
At the call divine.

Wider grows the kingdom,
Reign of love and light;
For it we must labor,
Till our faith be sight.
Prophets have proclaimed it,
Martyrs testified,
Poets sung its glory,
Heroes for it died.

Forward, etc.

Not alone we conquer,
Not alone we fall;
In each loss or triumph
Lose or triumph all.
Bound by God's far purpose
In one living whole,
Move we on together
To the shining goal!

Forward, etc.

Akin to this fine hymn are his other two which sing the triumph of God's prophets. Mr. Hosmer has written many hymns for special occasions, but never has he caught the spirit of a great moment more perfectly than when he wrote for the Congress of Religions at Chicago in 1893, his now familiar hymn beginning:

O Prophet souls of all the years.

Less well known, though hardly less fine is the one of which the opening stanza runs:

From age to age how grandly rise
The prophet souls in line!
Above the passing centuries
Like beacon lights they shine.

To the modern preacher these hymns, with their vision of the coming righteousness, and their sense of the spiritual unity of all earth's saints and sages, are invaluable.

Perhaps the most widely known of all Mr. Hosmer's hymns is that in which he has put into words the hopes and aspirations of the true patriot. Catching fire from a passage in Lowell's Commemoration Ode he has woven a phrase or two from it into the noblest national hymn which has yet appeared in our literature:

"O Beautiful my country!"
Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair;
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor,
Be thou to the oppressed
Fair freedom's open door!

Two of Mr. Hosmer's finest hymns are beautiful expressions of the modern thought of eternal life. They seem centuries away from the old hymns about death, and heaven, and hell. What a contrast to "F. B. P's." quaint and touching song of the 16th century:

O mother dear, Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbor of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil,——

—or to Faber's hymn, written less than fifty years ago but nearer in thought to the 16th than to the 20th century:

O Paradise! O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?

Mr. Hosmer sings not of golden-gated Jerusalem, nor of this vale of tears. He is less certain of just what heaven will be like, but his song is no less one of trustful joy. For the inspiring music of Palestrina he has written a hymn which ends on a note of splendid exultation.

O Lord of life, where'er they be,
Safe in thine own eternity,
Our dead are living unto thee.
Alleluia!

. . . . .

O happy they in God who rest,
No more by fear and doubt oppressed
Living and dying, they are blest.
Alleluia!

Verily they are "gone up with a shout," of joyous faith. More tender and personal is his other hymn, which, in its subject, finds its only rivals in modern hymnody in one or two poems of Whittier's, and in Chadwick's

"It singeth low in every heart."

It is one of Mr. Hosmer's earlier hymns.

I cannot think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

. . . . .

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

. . . . .

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

It is in Mr. Hosmer's hymns of trust that one finds his deepest note. As in one aspect he is a successor of Samuel Longfellow's so from another point of view he reminds one of the Quaker Whittier, and of the German mystic Tersteegen, for the strain of mysticism is strong in many of his hymns. Tersteegen sang:

Thou hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed, no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Only I sigh for thy repose:
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest till it find rest in thee.

It is the same longing for the peace of God which we find in Mr. Hosmer's hymn:

O Name, all other names above,
What art thou not to me,
Now I have learned to trust thy love
And cast my care on thee!

What is our being but a cry,
A restless longing still,
Which thou alone canst satisfy,
Alone thy fulness fill!

This note of trust and faith is struck again and again:

Thy judgments are a mighty deep
Beyond all fathom-line:
Our wisdom is the child-like heart,
Our strength to trust in thine.

. . . . .

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
Our comfort when distressed:
Be thou by day our strength for toil,
And thou by night our rest.

And from the hymn beginning "Father to thee we look," come these stanzas, the first two and the last two lines of which are hardly to be equalled in the hymnody of today.

Naught shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
Low in the heart faith singeth still her song:
Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened furrows,
Where now he ploweth, wave with golden grain.

It is the fashion to speak disparagingly of the literary quality of hymns, and it is quite true that most hymn-books contain a deal of stuff which is nothing more than the jingle of trivial rhymes. But out of the many thousands of hymns in the English tongue there may be sifted some hundreds which will compare well with any body of words written to be sung—for it must be remembered that the test of a hymn is not its sound when read as poetry, but its lyrical quality when set to music.

Among these hymns which have genuine poetic quality those of Mr. Hosmer stand high. Their careful construction, their simplicity and depth, and the beauty of many of their lines ought to mean for them an enduring place in the spiritual life of the coming generations. No man can serve that spiritual life better than by writing a noble hymn, no one is more certain to be remembered and loved when the rest of us are forgotten. For Frederic Lucian Hosmer that blessedness is in store.

Report and Appeal of the Unitarian Temperance Society

Governor Woodrow Wilson has recently made a forceful plea for more publicity in political affairs; the people must be taken into confidence and plainly told the facts. He claims that sufficient publicity respecting public affairs will prevent a great deal of our present political corruption. Professor Patten, a few years ago, strongly urged all those who are engaged in efforts for human betterment to put their message, not into books, but into newspapers and magazines, which have become the great creators of public opinion. Only a few people have time, in these days, to read books; they must be reached by the daily paper or the monthly journal.

The officers of the Unitarian Temperance Society have adopted the method of newspaper publicity as best calculated to produce the largest results. Thousands of important facts, many of them new and startling, exist, which, if known by the masses, would have a powerful influence in lessening the evils of drink. How few know what the enormous financial burden is that the saloons impose upon the people? How few realize the extent of the political corruption due to brewer and distiller? How few are aware of the industrial incapacity of thousands brought about by beer and whisky? How few understand the terrible influence of the drink habit of parents upon their children? How few understand what insurance experience, sociological investigations, and scientific discoveries have disclosed respecting the life-destroying effects of liquor? How few have any adequate conception of the vast extent of the drink problem, greater in expense than armies and navies; more destructive of human life than famine and plague; more ruinous to material prosperity than fire and flood; more productive of insane, imbecile, criminal and pauper than any other cause; the greatest enemy of home, church and school? These facts must be forced upon the minds and hearts of the people. The public schools are doing much in their line; the churches a little; temperance organizations something. But greater publicity is needed in the secular papers.

To this work the Unitarian Temperance Society is now chiefly devoting itself through the work of its publicity agent. During the past year, its president has prepared and published many articles on various phases of this great problem,—some forty in all, which have been printed or reprinted in some sixty papers and magazines, reaching probably over two million readers. In addition to this, several thousands of free tracts have been distributed.

The Society earnestly appeals for liberal contributions to enable it not only to continue but to enlarge its important work of temperance publicity, the putting of great temperance facts before the people. At least a thousand dollars is urgently needed at once to enable it to carry out successfully present plans. There are certainly many among the readers of UNITY who can give the small sum of one dollar,—the fee for annual membership. Life membership is seventy-five dollars, which may be paid in five annual installments. All other sums, larger or smaller, will be gratefully received. All contributions should be sent to Mr. Charles H. Stearns, 265 Harvard street, Brookline, Mass. In behalf of the Society,

JOSEPH H. CROOKER, *President.*

STUDY TABLE

New Books

From the American Book Co. I am in receipt of Professor Apgar's "Ornamental Shrubs of the United States." This is just the book that I wished to see. I have advocated shrub planting for country homes in the place of so much labor and failure in growing annuals. The shrubs of any locality collected in a garden make the very finest ornamentation of a floral sort. You can grow your shrubs with little labor, and with moderate trimming and care they will last 15 or 20 years. Professor Apgar has a very apt way of describing everything, and this book will help the unlearned as well as the learned. It is a handy volume, printed on excellent paper and tidily bound. Professor Apgar's books on the "Birds of the United States," and "Trees of the Northern United States," fit nicely with this one on "Shrubs," and I advise you to buy them and let your children have them for home study. A boy, with a little encouragement, will soon take one of these volumes and get interested in the Nature about him, and it will do him more good than a thousand sermons. I very emphatically endorse Professor Apgar's works.

From the Macmillans I have received "The Basal Beliefs of Christianity," by James H. Snowden, D. D. It is an orthodox book, and good for the kind; but for my part I do not care to hear discussed "celestial city" and our employment there. The ordinary conception of Heaven is demoralizing to every manly sentiment. It leads to lack of honor for work, and for care, and for all that makes this world worth the while. Those may go to the celestial city who will, I prefer my orchard and garden and the woodland near by. Never was time worse wasted than in decrying this beautiful earth and picturing him who fills it with his spirit as sitting on a throne in some remote kingdom, where we are, if we are good, going to be allowed to twang harps and sit around forever. However, Dr. Snowden tells us that Heaven is really a city with pearly gates and golden streets.

"Howard's End" is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons. The author is E. M. Forster. It is a good story—not great, but readable.

"Rural Hygiene" is from the Macmillan Company. All I have to say about this book is that it will stay close to my hand until I have digested every line of it. I wish I had had it at hand before I finished my book on "Country Homes," soon to be published by the *Outing Magazine*. No one who lives in the country or intends to live in the country should omit this from his table. It is the work of Henry N. Ogden, Professor of Sanitary Engineering in Cornell University.

Now I come to the most magnificent piece of work I have touched for several months. In fact I have no way of placing before you the real greatness of the book to which I refer. It is "The Age of Mammals," by Professor Osborn of Columbia University, and it is published by the Macmillan Company. There is one sentence in the preface which tells you just what the book is; the author says that he "shares Huxley's confidence in addressing those who are willing to do a little serious thinking in order to enjoy the vast vistas of interesting truth which come as the reward of effort." That is just it. If you secure this magnificent volume it will be of no use to you unless you are willing to do a little serious work. Professor Osborn is authority of the highest sort, and his pen is as brilliant as his research is accurate. The price of the volume is $4.50, but you can scarcely break a five dollar bill in a better cause. E. P. P.

Among the Recent French Books

(*Continued from last week*)

Relating also to the Napoleonic epoch, and happily less depressing than the preceding work, comes the historical romance of M. Gaston Stiegler, entitled "The Tragic Love Affair of Napoleon III." We are here in the period of the Second Empire, in the year 1858, apogee of the reign of the usurper, but moment full of inquietude and of threat for the dynasty. It is at the very outset of this year in fact, that Orsini, the famous carbonaro, filled wih a zealot's passion to bring about the unification of Italy, conspired for the death of Louis Bonaparte, in which he saw a means of hastening a general revolution. The conspiracy of Orsini is the central episode, and forms the climax of the book.

M. Stiegler enhances the already stirring character of this attempt to assassinate a monarch, by welding the same to the secret intrigues of the Emperor. Louis Bonaparte, in general extraordinarily indifferent and lethargic (sort of fatalistic adventurer, plaything of his powerful name) had a romantic side to his nature. Unworthy as was his exercise of this sentiment, it is still the cult of woman that remains the one enthusiasm of a personality otherwise morose and lifeless. The author of "The Tragic Love Affairs" attaches the plot of Orsini to one of the adventures of the Emperor, and shows us the vengeance of a spurned court beauty uniting itself to the patriotic fanaticism of a brooding dreamer for the downfall of a king of hazard.

The bombs of Orsini, as we know, failed to annihilate the descendant of the Bonapartes. But all the splendor and pageantry of a glowing epoch pass before our eyes on the evening when the attack was made before the gates of the Opera. M. Stiegler is a great magician, as well as a great authority, in regard to the Second Empire. He makes this period, relatively little known for lack of perspective, live and scintillate with intense vitality. None other has depicted the customs, the pleasures, the personages, of that day with an equal talent. His portrait of Napoleon III is a masterpiece of strokes and shadings. The Empress, too, is revealed in another light, and one more veridical, by the pen of this artist and *savant*. "The Emperor and the Empress formed on the throne a most amusing contrast," says our author, "he, very calm, very *posé*, inert even, always master of himself in the gravest circumstances, or in the most tragic, and this even on the day of a declaration of war, or at the hour of an attack before the most pressing danger. . . She, on the contrary, active, lively, hasty, unable to remain tranquil, changing the furniture, changing the physiognomy of an apartment, manifesting at all instances her exuberance for the most futile as well as the most serious motives . . . just as assertive as he was effaced, as enthusiastic as he was apathetic, as loquacious as he was taciturn, crying aloud for a triviality, but placid before love that she did not understand, and insensible, as many women, to the great passions that overturn the universe."

The volume is one of the most charming that has appeared recently. I cannot conceive of a reader commencing it without continuing it to the very end, almost without interruption of his reading. For outside the historical value, outside the psychological observation and the delicate flavor of a mind that one divines full of humor and philosophical indulgence, what delightful strolls across the quarters of Old Paris one takes, in company with a conspirator and a "belle dame" of the court. How many Americans know and love the quaint streets of the Faubourg St. Germain, the quarter of Notre Dame or the Marais? "All these very old and ugly things finish by moving us," says M. Stiegler by the mouth of Orsini; "thanks to their dilapidation and even to their deformity. The secret of the tenderness that they cause us is to be found in the sentiment they inspire of their innumerable services. How many people have been born here, have here lived, loved, worked, laughed and suffered? . . . Something of the soul of these beings floats loosely among the worm-eaten stones, which were favorable to them, and invites us to kind dispositions toward these stones, as towards all ruins." Yes, I think this evocation of Paris, of the Second Empire, and of the last of the Napoleons, will find immediate welcome among American readers.

One of the most thoughtful of the sociological and psychological analysts in French letters is M. Jean Finot, editor of *La Revue*, a periodical well known abroad. Strange to say, although his part is so considerable in the formation of the social thought of this literature, M. Finot is not French. But he is one of those international spirits that find themselves intellectually *chez lui* in any culture. I shall take up the series of his contributions, extremely interesting from the point of view of modern democratic progress, both exoterically and esoterically considered, in a future criticism. The names of these volumes are, "The Prejudice of Race," "The Philosophy of Longevity," and "The Science of Happiness." As one sees, they answer many of the leading problems of our modern life.

J. G., *Membre des Critiques Francais.*

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

SPREAD OF THE COSMOPOLITAN CLUB MOVEMENT

No movement in the United States in the interest of international progress has had a more rapid and impressive growth during the last half-dozen years than the Cosmopolitan Club movement. It started among the students of the University of Wisconsin, and has already spread to thirty of our universities and colleges, numbering at the present time a membership of more than 2,000 students, all leagued together in the interests of international good understanding and good-will. The Cosmopolitan Club at Harvard University has 200 members and President Eliot recently called it the most interesting club in the university. A condition of the membership is that never more than one-half of the members may be native Americans; one-half must be foreign students and, as matter of fact, two-thirds of the members are usually foreigners. It is a significant witness to the Cosmopolitan character of our university constituencies that there can be in a single university a Cosmopolitan Club of 200 students, two-thirds of whom are foreigners. One of these clubs has been formed among the students of the Institute of Technology during the last year, having already nearly a hundred members. These various clubs have pleasant rooms in their several universities, with frequent meetings for educational and social purposes. Their representatives meet annually for a general convention; and the Association publishes an exceedingly interesting monthly magazine, "The Cosmopolitan Student," which is a record not only of the international activities of American students, but of similar activities among the students of other countries. In France, Italy, Holland and Hungary there are many of these student bodies devoted to purposes similar to those of our own Cosmopolitan Clubs; and important efforts are at this time being made to give impulse to the movement in England and Germany.

In Germany the movement seems to have been definitely and well started. An International Club was founded in Berlin University last month. About fifty students are already interested in the movement, and fourteen countries are represented in the membership. It is stated that there are 1,492 foreign students in the University of Berlin. One thousand four hundred and ninety-two is a rather significant number from the American standpoint; and American influences seem to have been prominent in bringing this Berlin enterprise to birth. The president of our own Association of Cosmopolian Clubs, two years ago, Mr. George W. Nasmyth, of Cornell University, is now a student at Berlin, and has interested himself in International progress there with the same intelligence and enthusiasm which he has shown in connection with the movement here. Professor Munsterberg has taken a deep interest in the work, attending the committee meetings and aiding financially. The assistant of the Roosevelt professor has also shown a warm interest. A few members are instructors in the University, but most of the members are students. One of the early meetings of the Club, it is announced, is to be a public "American evening" with addresses by prominent and representative Americans living in Berlin, with the object of instilling a better understanding of the true American spirit and of American hopes and work for the unity of the world. Americans will watch with peculiar interest the development of this splendid movement, which is sure to spread to other German universities. The interchange of professors between Germany and the United States has already done great good in the two countries. More good is likely to be done the world over by the spread of this remarkable new organization in the universities everywhere of students of different nations and races. There is to be an international convention of such students at Rome in September.

E. D. M.

A GREAT LAKES PEACE TREATY

Articles of incorporation were filed at Lansing, Mich., February 17, by the Great Lakes International Society of Detroit, which is organized for the purpose of promoting international peace through the states of the middle West. The articles were filed in the names of Harry E. Hunt, Paul E. Switzer, Howard B. Sallot, W. J. Warren and others. They give the intent of the new organization and the information that efforts will be made in every way to combat the war spirit. Mr. Hunt is the father of the new body. He has been an earnest advocate of international peace for years, and has been indefatigable in the service of the cause, publishing many articles in the newspapers of the middle West. He says: "The work has for a good while been going on through the efforts of individuals. We determined to incorporate and let other interests step in and help with the work and the financial burden. Membership will be $1 per year, and the society's by-laws read as follows:

"Any person of good moral character who resides in any state of the United States or any province of the Dominion of Canada which borders on the great lakes is eligible to membership, provided he is in sympathy with the aims and purposes of the society.

"It is not the purpose of this society merely to affiliate those interested in improved international conditions. It gives to every member something to do, places the tools for work in his hands and expects him to actually accomplish something for the good of the society and humanity.

To keep the society vital and alert, the members are requested each to write an article or paper of some sort at least once a year, dealing with improved international law or relations, and secure its publication in some paper or send it to the society. Mr. Hunt estimates that 1,000 members will be secured immediately, and as soon as possible he will devote his whole time to spreading the propaganda of the society.

"There is a vast deal in this matter that the general public does not understand," he says. "The big interests are behind this scheme of large battleships, standing army and heavy navy. They tax their people so high to maintain their armies and navies that the people get out and come here. The big interests stir up the war scares, all for the same purpose. The economic side should appeal to the workers. They get the small end. They pay for the army and the navy, then they go out and do the fighting and get killed for their trouble. Over $2,250,000 is spent each year for war by the various countries, and the people have to pay it all."

This new organization is an indication of the remarkable interest in the peace movement now rapidly spreading in the region about Detroit and Buffalo and on the Canadian side of the border. The approaching celebration of the centennial of the unfortified frontier between the United States and Canada has created a profound and widespread interest.

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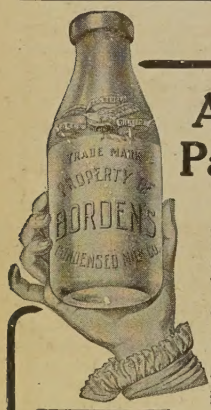

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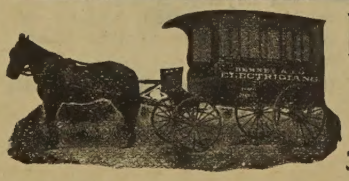

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